

Good Morning

109

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

THE CLUELESS CRIME OF YARMOUTH

Stuart Martin presents
one of the most
amazing of all his
UNSOLVED CRIMES



TABLOID TALES

The Spook of Dunoon

JACK GOODWIN was a great trainer of boxers. A more conscientious worker the game has never known, and there was no length to which he would not go if it served the purpose of getting his charge fit for the fight in hand. As serious as any when strenuous work was at hand, he was a great practical joker when the time came for rest and recreation.

His penchant for leg-pulling became a byword and he used to excuse himself by saying that a boxer in training must always be kept amused. It must have tickled his sense of humour to feign that it was the boxer who was amused. Generally, the laugh was on the other face, as the boxer, as often as not, was the victim.

Still, the jolliest joker can get choked with his own gag, if he goes on long enough.

On one of his visits to Scotland, when he went to prepare one of the Scots for a Lonsdale Belt fight, they got in first by meeting him at the station, and by sheer weight of number, forced him to undress and then rigged him out in a complete Highlander's outfit. They had him photographed before parading him through Glasgow.

When Goodwin trained Jim Higgins for his bantam-weight championship fight with Joe Symonds, Tom Queen, the backer of Higgins, selected a lonely spot for the training camp. It was at Dunoon, a deserted spot in winter, and the period was mid-winter.

Goodwin felt lonely, particularly when Higgins and the sparring partners took long walks of an evening. He felt lonelier still when the village "stop" told him he would have a ghost to keep him company. What! Didn't he know that he was living in a haunted house?

Be sure he would know soon enough.

Now Goodwin was not afraid of any natural opponent, but when it came to the supernatural—well, it wasn't only the cold wind that made him shiver. His very spine felt frozen at the thought.

He tried to cast thoughts of ghosts from his mind when one of the sparring partners, on a flimsy pretext, threw up his job and left. When the boys had gone out for their evening walk Jack was afraid of being left alone. He tried to stroll in the street, but the cold forced him to return. He had not been long in the house when he heard footsteps. "Who's there?" he thought he shouted, but the words wouldn't come out.

"I can't stand this," he said to himself, and rushed out to find one of the locals. On the promise of a wee drappie from the bottle, he persuaded an old cottager to come and have a chat with him, and he kept the old boy until the boxers returned.

On, yes, they had heard from several people that the house was haunted. One of the previous occupants had had to be taken to the lunatic asylum. Goodwin tried hard to hide his agony of mind, but failed lamentably.

"Don't worry, Jack," said Higgins, "I'm a light sleeper and I'll lay the ghost if he comes round to-night."

Goodwin went to bed, but he couldn't sleep. He was trying to dismiss the spook from his mind when he heard a click, and the window catch was unfastened by unseen hands. That was enough for Goodwin. He never attempted to sleep in that bed again.

After three sleepless nights in a chair in the living-room, this

EARLY on October 17, 1934, Chief Inspector W. Barker and Detective-Sergeant Clare, of Scotland Yard, dashed off to Yarmouth. The Yard had received an S.O.S.

Horace Butcher, aged 68, a marine store dealer, who had a shop in Middlegate-street, Yarmouth, had been found dead—killed in what the Chief Constable of Yarmouth told me was a crime of "diabolical violence." Someone had split his skull open with a 7lb. weight used in the shop.

Now, although robbery is usually the motive in such crimes, there was no indication whatever that anything had been stolen from the shop or from Mr. Butcher's person. Two loose £1 notes and some silver were still in his pockets. Neither the shop nor the living apartments had been ransacked.

The discovery had taken place in the early morning, and the man had died some hours earlier. His body was found on a sofa in his sitting-room, a coat over his knees, and his battered head swathed in a towel.

In the passage between the shop and sitting-room his bowler hat was lying. There were two dents in it. The 7lb. weight was discovered not far off. On the weight were some hairs adhering to blood. The weight fitted the dents in the hat.

Clueless Crime

From the beginning, the police investigators seemed to be in no doubt that it was murder they were handling; but they were up against an almost clueless crime.

The inquest was held some time later, and the Deputy Coroner made what I thought at the time was an unusual remark. He told the jury that they could not rule out a suggestion that Butcher had inflicted the wounds on himself. It was possible, he said, that "some kind of brainstorm" came upon Butcher when he returned home that evening, and he "may have waved his arms about his head beating off an unseen enemy."

The Deputy Coroner added, however, that "if it was murder, then it was incomprehensible, and it was extraordinary that the man or woman who

struck the blows would take the trouble to put a coat over the body."

Well, more extraordinary things than that have been done. The jury soon disposed of the "waving arms" theory and returned a verdict of "Wilful murder by some person or persons unknown." The police had come to the same conclusion some time previously.

The murdered man's relatives offered £50 reward for information that would lead to the conviction of the murderer. Nobody came forward to claim the £50.

At the request of the Chief Constable of Yarmouth, Scotland Yard issued the following appeal to the public:—

"The officers who are investigating this crime are of the opinion that the perpetrator is known to some person or persons, and that it is most probable that the murderer left the premises with bloodstains on his hands and clothes. Any person able to give information, either directly or indirectly, is earnestly requested to do so without delay. Such information will be treated with the strictest confidence."

Nobody came forward with the information required to trace the murderer.

It was suggested that the police should tell the public over the radio just what was hampering them in their investigations. The B.B.C. said they would be glad to be of use in that direction. But nothing was done.

Now all this is very remarkable. It looked as if the police were facing a failure. They were.

To know this crime thoroughly one must know the habits of Horace Butcher. They were easily discoverable, for he made no secret of them. Indeed, everybody in the district knew his habits.

Detective Inspector Barker told me that Butcher was a man of peculiar fixity of habits. He lived by routine that never changed. It was a saying in the locality that one could set one's watch by "Old Man Butcher."

In his business he had, now and then, given the police information, and sometimes evidence, in regard to stolen goods sold to him. He kept a little money in his shop for the purpose of buying goods brought to him; but the amount

made up for some of his lost sleep.

At the hotel where the Scottish boxers used to stay in London, Goodwin suddenly walked into Higgins and his principal partner doubled up with laughter.

"Go on," said Goodwin, as they suddenly dried up. "Let me share the joke."

"You've had your share," said Higgins.

"What do you mean, don't talk in riddles. I can enjoy a joke now we're away from that haunted house."

"That's it."

"That's what?"

"That's our joke on you. We paid the next door neighbour to play the ghost."

Thank God for tea! What would the world do without tea? How did it exist? I am glad I was not born before tea.

Sydney Smith (1769-1845)

was never very large and was certainly not "a lot" as some people suggested.

In any case murder for money may be ruled out of the case, since, as has been stated, he still had money in his pockets when found dead. His habit was to close his shop at a fixed time every night, then to make a call at a local pub, after which he came home again, went out for some fish and chips, and called at another pub on the way home. That was his routine.

No Second Call

On the Monday evening on which he met his death, he called at the first pub—the Crystal—at about 10.5 p.m. He left within a few minutes and, in the ordinary way, would have been home by 10.15 or 10.20 p.m. Usually he called at the second pub just before closing time, which was then 10.30 p.m. On this night he did not make his usual second call.

It was, then, when he returned home from the first pub that he was struck down. Whatever happened in that shop we shall never know exactly, but the crime can be reconstructed with fair accuracy. The murderer was waiting for him, may have been surprised at his entry, and attacked him with the first weapon that came to hand—the 7lb. weight.

The old man, after the attack, crawled about eight feet through the passage leading to his sitting-room from his shop. There he managed, before complete collapse, to bind the towel round his bleeding head and cover his legs with a coat. And there he lay down and died.

That is the construction of the crime as I see it. No need to talk about self-inflicted attacks. No need to give rein to imagination about any other theories. Horace Butcher was killed by a man who had entered his shop in his absence, a man who, either surprised or enraged at being found there, battered the shop-keeper to death—or near death—and then fled.

As usual, clues were pre-

sented to the police that were as flimsy and as unreliable as could be imagined. One suggestion was that the murderer may have been a seaman who sailed from Yarmouth soon afterwards. Another was that he was a man with a grudge against the victim of his attack. A third was that he was a burglar. A fourth that he was a thief after money.

A report came to the police that a man had entered a Portsmouth lodging house a night or two later, and had been heard to mutter in his sleep, "I done him in," and the next morning (so went the report) when this man was asked at breakfast what he meant, he paid his bill and "left hurriedly." The man's manner "was strange."

I place no weight on this Portsmouth story. There is a point that seems to me to dispose of all the "grudge" theories and of the murderer "waiting for his victim" in the shop. I do not believe the murder of Horace Butcher was premeditated.

Why? Look at the weapon used. If it had been premeditated the murderer would have brought his own weapon. He didn't. He snatched up the first thing that could inflict injury—and that thing was the 7lb. weight.

Again, the murder was not committed by someone who knew the precise habits of Butcher. If so, he would not have been surprised by the old man's entry. He would have known.

A final theory was that the murderer was a maniac. That is an easy get-out. He was no maniac. It was a wild, terrible spasmodic crime.

How did this murderer escape? Horace Butcher usually left his side door on the latch (it was a Yale lock) when he went out in the evening. But the latch was down when the body was discovered. There you have it. The murderer entered that way, was interrupted in whatever he was doing, killed his man, and then dropped the latch as he slipped out. Luck was on his side all the way.

The most difficult murders are often the simplest.

Calling A-B-LTO WILBAND

PLEASE tell my husband that mother is getting on well after her illness and that I am longing to see him again."

said Mrs. Wilband, wife of A.B. L.T.O. Wilband, as she hurried over the little bridge which spans the river close to her home at Glandruyney, near Crickhowell.

"I am just about ready for my lunch; the morning's work in the fields gives one an appetite."

Mrs. Wilband works on a local farm from early morning till dusk. "I have so much I would like to say, but coming suddenly like this, I cannot think of anything." At the suggestion of a picture of herself at the farm, she looked a little dismayed. "Do you think he would like to see me like this," she said, looking down at her corduroy breeches and thick mud-caked boots. "He will probably feel proud of you," we told her.

It's all hands to the pumps now—and here's Mrs. Wilband doing a real war job down on the farm.



It's all hands to the pumps now—and here's Mrs. Wilband doing a real war job down on the farm.

Periscope Page

QUIZ for today

1. What is a twitterbone?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Bride of Abydos," (b) "The Bride of Lammermoor"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Hat, Cloak, Coat, Umbrella, Ulster, Gaiters, Sou'wester?
4. How long does the light of the sun take to reach us?
5. What is the height of the Niagara Falls?
6. How much is a litre in English measure?
7. Taxi-cab is made up of two abbreviated words. What are they?
8. What English plant traps and eats insects?
9. Who was Mr. Podsnap?
10. Where and when was Columbus buried?
11. To what school do the "Bluecoat" boys belong?
12. Who won the Derby in 1935?

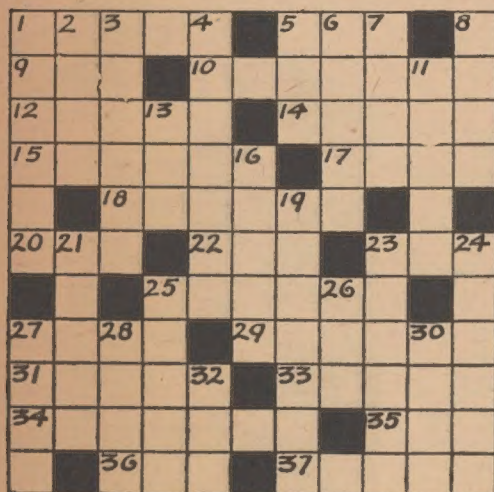
Answers to Quiz in No. 108

1. A Siberian polecat.
2. (a) Cardinal Newman, (b) Tennyson.
3. Camel; the others are used as food in England.
4. 90 m.p.h.
5. 210 miles.
6. James Braddock.
7. Sparkling.
8. An edible water-parsnip.
9. A draper.
10. 21.242, 14.342, 7.642, and 6.742.

WANGLING WORDS-71

1. Place the same three letters, in the same order, both before and after RAIN, and make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of THING ON MAT to make an English manufacturing town.
3. Change FAIR into PLAY, altering one letter at a time and making a new word with each alteration.
4. Change in the same way: GAME into PIES, MUCH into MORE, DEAD into SHOT.
5. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word MAGAZINES?

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Discard.
- 5 Young animal.
- 9 Peda. member.
- 10 Venezuelan river.
- 12 Drive.
- 14 Grasped.
- 15 Foliage.
- 17 Skin.
- 18 Bag of perfume.
- 20 So far.
- 22 Curve.
- 23 Dog.
- 25 Girl's name.
- 27 Point.
- 29 Neat and pretty.
- 31 Apart.
- 33 One of the U.S.A.
- 34 Zeal.
- 35 Spoil.
- 36 Sheep.
- 37 Water birds.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Quiet.
- 2 Arrive.
- 3 Meal.
- 4 Small brown beast.
- 5 Match.
- 6 Not suitable.
- 7 Prod.
- 8 Accustomed.
- 11 Stringed instrument.
- 13 Girl's name.
- 16 Paring.
- 19 Rich cakes.
- 21 Banish.
- 23 Hat.
- 24 Civil heads.
- 25 Smashed.
- 26 Cover.
- 27 Fishing spear.
- 28 Kind.
- 30 Word of comparison.
- 32 Perplex.

PEGS DRAWN
ALLEVIATE W
SEEN MIRAGE
SCENT NOVEL
T AUK PENT
TOM BACH E
ARID LAYERS
MANAGES VIM
ELITE TRACE
D MUMBLER L
JAMS EXERT

Baron Munchausen Catches PARTRIDGES 900 MILES FROM LAND

ON my return from Gibraltar I travelled by way of France to England. Being a foreigner, this was not attended with any inconvenience to me. I found in the harbour of Calais a ship just arrived, with a number of English sailors as prisoners of war. I immediately conceived an idea of giving these brave fellows their liberty.

After forming a pair of large wings, each of them forty yards long and fourteen wide, and annexing them to myself, I mounted at break of day, when every creature, even the watch upon deck, was fast asleep. As I hovered over the ship I fastened three grappling irons to the tops of the three masts, with my sling, and fairly lifted her several yards out of the water, and then proceeded across to Dover, where I arrived in half an hour!

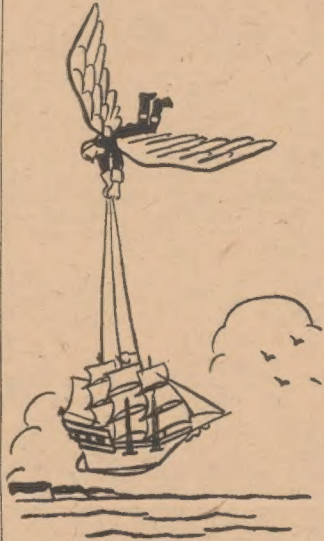
Having no further occasion for these wings, I made them a present to the Governor of Dover Castle, where they are now exhibited to the curious.

An Astonishing Dog

In a voyage which I made to the East Indies with Captain Hamilton, I took a favourite pointer with me. He was, to use a common phrase, worth his weight in gold, for he never deceived me.

One day, when we were, by the best observations we could make, at least three hundred leagues from land, my dog pointed. I observed him for near an hour with astonishment, and mentioned the circumstance to the captain and every officer on board, asserting that we must be near land, for my dog smelt game.

This occasioned a general laugh, but that did not alter in the least the good opinion I had of my dog. After much conversation pro and con, I boldly told the captain I placed more confidence in Tray's nose than I did in the eyes of every seaman on board, and therefore boldly proposed laying the sum I had agreed to pay for my passage (one hundred guineas) that we should find game within an hour.



The captain laughed again, desired Mr. Crawford, the surgeon, who was prepared, to feel my pulse. He did so, and reported me in perfect health. The following dialogue between them took place. I overheard it, though spoken low and at some distance.

Captain: His brain is turned; I cannot with honour accept his wager.

Surgeon: I am of a different opinion. He is quite sane, and depends more upon the scent of his dog than he will upon the judgment of all the officers on board. He will certainly lose, and he richly merits it.

Captain: Such a wager cannot be fair on my side. However, I'll take him up, even if I return his money afterwards.

During the above conversation, Tray continued in the same situation, and confirmed me still more in my former opinion. I proposed the wager a second time; it was then accepted.

Shark Ahoy!

"Done!" and "Done!" were scarcely said on both sides when some sailors, who were fishing in the long-boat, which was made fast to the stern of the ship, harpooned an exceedingly large shark.

They brought it on board, and began to cut it up for the purpose of barrelling the oil, when, behold, they found no less than six brace of live partridges in this animal's stomach!

They had been so long in that situation that one of the hens was sitting upon four eggs, and a fifth was hatching when the shark was opened!!!

This young bird we brought

JANE



up, by placing it with a litter of kittens that came into the world a few minutes before! The old cat was as fond of it as any of her own four-legged progeny, and made herself very unhappy when it flew out of her reach till it returned again.

As to the other partridges, there were four hens amongst them. One or more were, during the voyage, constantly sitting, and consequently we had plenty of game at the captain's table. And in gratitude to poor Tray, for being a means of winning one hundred guineas, I ordered him the bones daily, and sometimes a whole bird.

To-day's Brains Trust

ROUND the discussion table we have an eminent Biologist, a Professor of Natural History, a Traveller who has visited many foreign lands in the course of business, and our old friend Mr. Everyman. The question which has been put to them is:—

Evolution is said to be proved as much as anything can be proved, but most people would be more convinced if they could actually see it going on. Is this possible?

Biologist: "The evolution of different species of plants and animals is a very slow process, and in most cases it takes thousands of years for even small changes to occur. The evolution of man from creatures definitely non-human has taken at least a million years. It is obviously not possible to see such a process going on in the same sense as you can see a tadpole change into a frog, or an egg into a chick."

Professor: "No, but it is possible in very nearly the same sense. Most people who would unhesitatingly say that they had seen tadpoles change into frogs have really only seen freshly hatched tadpoles, tadpoles with legs, and baby frogs, all in the same pond at the same time."

"They have actually—but quite rightly—inferred that the change was taking place, but it is only an inference. The metamorphosis of a tadpole into a frog is not evolution, but evolution can actually be observed going on in the world to-day in precisely the same manner." Mr. Everyman: "Do you mean that we can actually see

creatures in different stages of the evolutionary chain, all living together in the same place?"

Professor: "Well, not quite like that, perhaps. Let me give a few examples. According to evolution, life began in the sea and gradually adapted itself to living on the land and flying in the air. From breathing water, it acquired the power of breathing air, and from swimming with fins it developed legs on which it could walk and wings on which it could fly."

"The highest types of life further acquired the power of walking on two legs, setting the other two free for use as hands and arms. My first example comes from Australia, where the ordinary lizards run about on four legs like our home-grown variety. But the Australian frilled lizard is becoming a biped. It frequently gets up on its hind legs and runs on them for a short distance."

"It has been doing so for generations and its legs are noticeably more suitable for running in that way than are those of ordinary lizards. This running is not yet of much use to it but it is undoubtedly trying—instinctively—to become a biped and is slowly succeeding."

Traveller: "Yes I can back the Professor up in that for I have actually seen the Australian frilled lizards running along on two legs. I have also seen crabs climbing trees but that was in the Galapagos Islands."

Professor: "The tree-climbing crabs will do for my next example because they are plainly a case of a creature developing a habit which would be considered quite unnatural to its kind. Crabs are water-breathers but this particular species is able to breathe air by means of curious tufts in the upper part of its gill-cavity. It crawls all over the islands on which it lives and even climbs the coconut palms but the most remarkable thing about it is that it has learnt to eat coco-

Continued on Page 3.

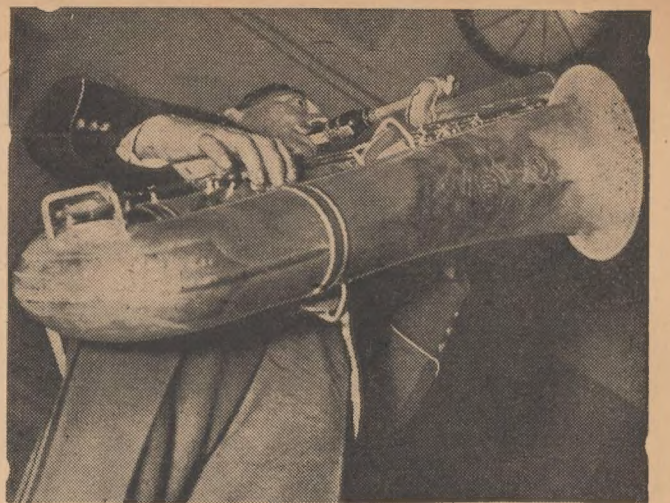
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 70

- 1.—ESCAPE.
- 2.—PORTSMOUTH.
- 3.—FAIR, PAIR, PAIL, PAIN, PAWN, LAWN, LAWS, LADS, LADY.
- 4.—DATE, DARE, DARN, DART, HART, HARM, HALM, PALM, SOME, SORE, TORE, TONE, NONE.
- 5.—MOTHER, BOTHER, BATHER, FATHER.
- 6.—Able, Teal, Late, Tale, Spit, Spot, Spat, Taps, Tops, Tips, Bite, Boat, Tabs, Bats, Bate, Beat, Tile, Stab, etc.
- 7.—Those, Spoil, Split, Topes, Poets, Spite, Sable, Leash, Shale, Bleat, Table, Pleat, Plate, Peals, Beast, Shalt, Blest, Lopes, etc.

Who is it?

Has been a great soldier, a great politician, a great financier, a great philosopher, but only on the films. There is a calm, quiet, dignified, English air about him. Wears a monocle at times. Who is he?

(Answer on Page 3)



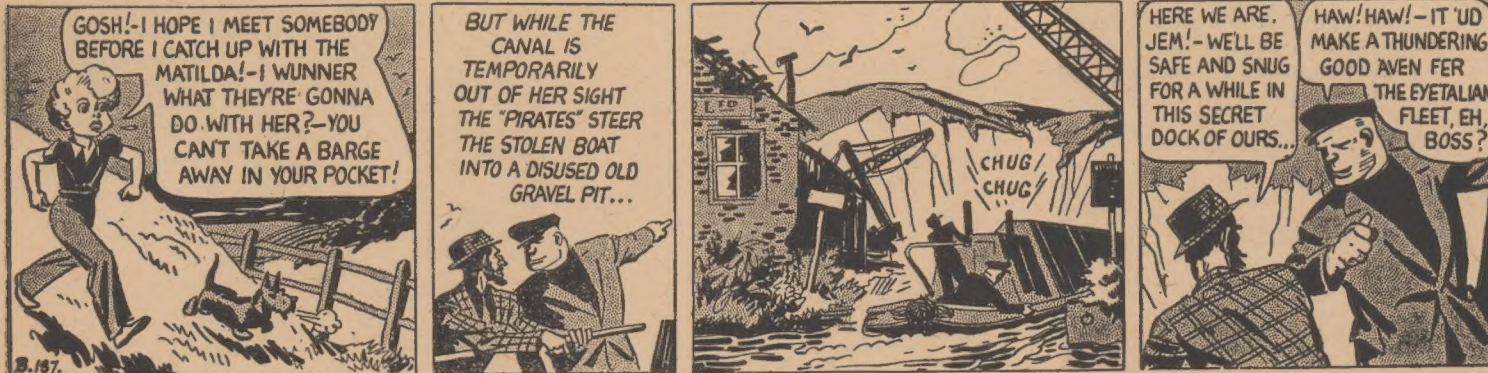
Calling all musicians. This instrument is — a Bassoon, Helicon, Saxophone, or might even be a Tuba. Go to it. Answer to Quiz in No. 108: Topiary.



Beelzebub Jones



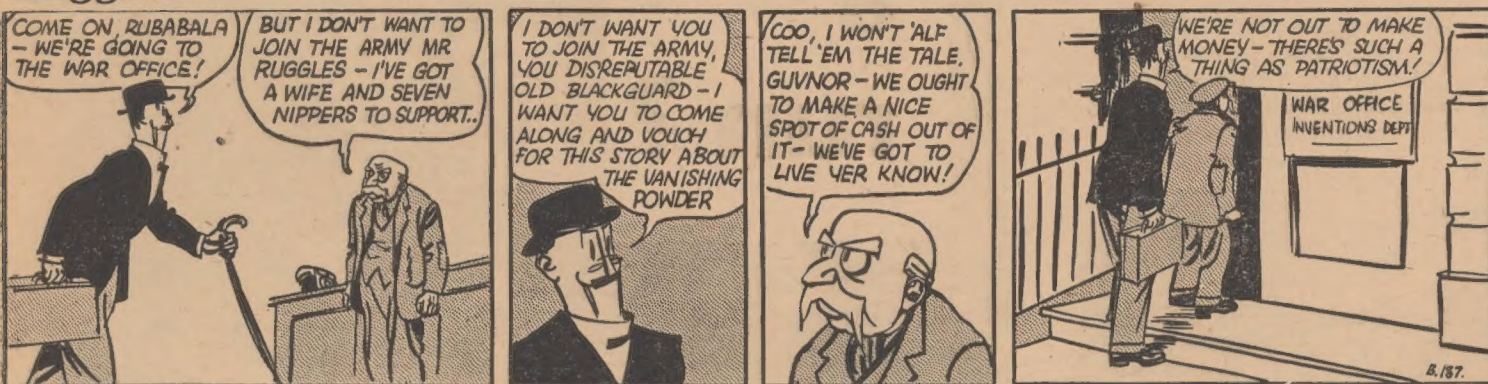
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Garth



TO-DAY'S BRAINS TRUST

Continued from Page 2.

nuts during the historical period and has developed an enormous left claw for the purpose of opening them."

Mr. Everyman: "How do you know that it was not eating coconuts before the historical period?"

Professor: "Very easily. There were no coconuts on the islands where the crab belongs. The coconut palm was introduced to the islands

by the Polynesian mariners many centuries ago and it is since then that this crab has learnt to strip and eat them."

Biologist: "The mud-skipper is surely another very good example of a sea-creature invading the land. The mud-skipper is a fish which takes frequent walks on land climbing over the mangrove roots on its strong pectoral fins and breathing air. But the best examples of evolution going on

are those which have been helped by man.

"All the various breeds of domestic pigeon for instance have been evolved during the historic period from the wild Rock Dove, and all the breeds of poultry from the Indian Jungle Fowl. If such extraordinary changes in shape and size and habit can take place by no other method than careful selection, it is impossible not to believe that some such changes would take place naturally."

Mr. Everyman: "But these

are all changes within the same species of animal. They don't show one species changing into another."

Biologist: "No, but that is where fossils come in. Take the case of the horses. We find the bones of ancient horses varying slightly from modern horses. They may vary less than the different varieties of domestic horses do, but they are definitely different from the modern wild horse.

"Older bones still differ from them in other ways, and as you go back these tiny differences

mount up, so that although there is never much difference between two horses near each other in the chain, the horses at the two ends of the chain are so different that they must be regarded as different species—even different families. Over a hundred and sixty different varieties of fossil horses are known, the earliest of them having five-toed feet, and being about the size of a dog."

Professor: "I should like to mention that these few examples are only a few in several hundreds of equally con-

vincing cases. The chain of elephants is very complete, and even in the case of mankind we are no longer looking for a 'missing link.' Many dozens of the links have been found since Darwin's time, and though the human chain is not as complete as that of the horses, the fact of evolution is no longer doubted by reasonable men acquainted with the available evidence."

Answer to WHO IS IT?
GEORGE ARLISS.

Jokes that made Great-Grandpa Laugh

By J. M. MICHAELSON

THE book salvage campaign has resulted in turning out some books that had not been disturbed for decades. Among them, Cruikshank's "Comic Almanack" caught my eye.

The Almanacks were a leading humorous publication of their day—1835-1853—and the contributors included not only George Cruikshank (whose inimitable style is known to every reader of Dickens), but also Thackeray, Tom Hood, Albert Smith and other leading humorists and satirists of the day.

In 1843, my great-grandfather was then a man of about forty. How do the jokes which made him chuckle over the Almanack compare with those that make us laugh to-day?

One of the first discoveries was that some of the jokes were the same! Mr. Gillie Potter was not the first comedian to raise a smile with the activities of the village of Hog's Norton.

Under the heading, "Proceedings of Learned Societies," I read: "Geological Society of Hog's Norton.—The fossil remains of an antediluvian pawnbroker have been dug up, within a mile of this place. This is not regarded as a very remarkable circumstance, as many recent instances have been known of the hearts of several persons of this class being in a petrified state while alive."

Another report from Hog's Norton was that "a successful method of converting stones into bread has been transmitted to the New Poor Law Commissioners and a three-and-sixpenny medal presented to the ingenious discoverer thereof."

The news that the "Leviathan" steamship was to be launched brought the quip that "Great fears are entertained as to whether there will be room enough in the Atlantic for her to turn round without damaging her bowsprit between Liverpool and New York."

Great-grandfather would probably have found the "Queen Mary" beyond a joke if he had lived to see her!

UMBRELLA JOKE.

Failure to return umbrellas was, apparently, a common foible even a hundred years ago, when umbrellas were comparatively new. In a list of "Is it likely . . . ?" I find: "Is it likely that a friend will remember to return your umbrellas until the dry weather sets in?"

"Is it likely—when you get into an omnibus at the Bank, that you will arrive at Bond Street in the time in which you could have pedestrianised the distance twice over?" suggests that crawling buses were a problem of the Londoner in 1843 no less than in 1943.

Cigarette smoking was virtually unknown in 1843. But snuff-taking was a common habit, and apparently snuff-takers made the same excuse as smokers to-day, for the writer asks, "Is it likely—for a snuff-taker to offer his box without observing 'that it is a bad habit, but he cannot do without it'?"

The sneeze which has been exercising our health authorities recently to the extent of carrying on a campaign against it, was a topical subject a hundred years ago.

In a satirical "Report on the Public Health," the Almanack records: "The Commissioners observe, with regret, that the ordinary sneeze has lately been very prevalent, but it does not appear that any safe mode of treatment has yet been discovered for checking it."

"The Commissioners think it better to trust to Nature in such a matter, though they have known the operation of drawing the finger smartly along the bridge of the nose, towards the forehead, sometimes successfully resorted to."

Weather forecasts were a favourite joke a hundred years ago. Readers are given tips such as, "When you see the advertisement of a flower show, it would be prudent to provide yourself on the day named with an umbrella."

INCOME TAX.

Income tax, introduced in 1842, was a few pence in the £, but the idea that the income tax collector was a grasping blood-sucker was already being established by the comedians. We are told, "The penny-a-liners have been cut in order to enable some of the proprietors to pay the income tax, but it is expected this reduction will be counterbalanced by the increase in the number of cases of real distress and the other raw articles which form the staple of paragraphs."

Good Morning

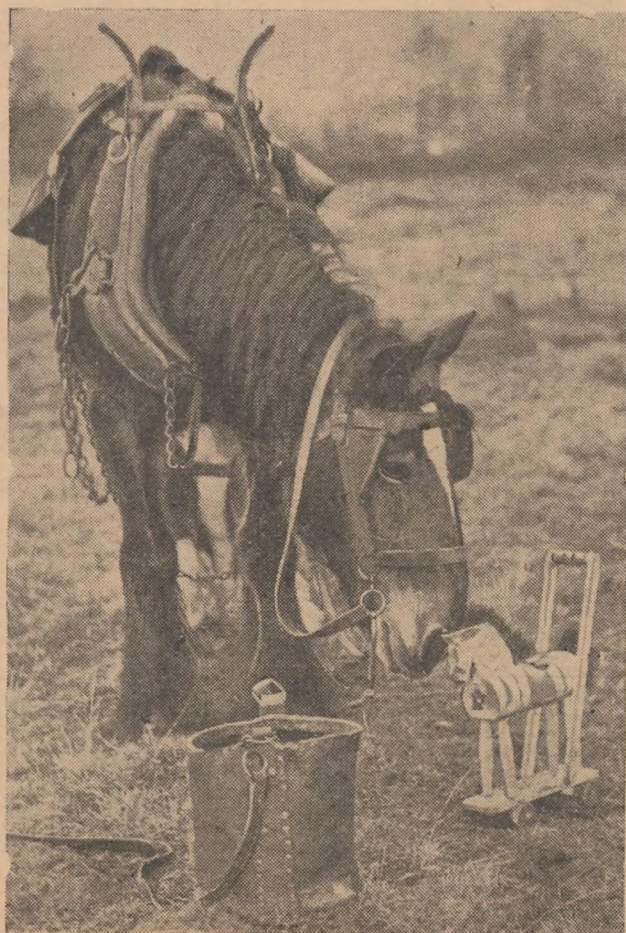
All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

This England



**HEIL
MILKMAN!**

A scene on the river Thames, near Kew. Reminds one of Twickenham Ferry and Strand-on-the-Green, doesn't it? There are many delightful spots within easy reach of London. Such contrasts to the grim, commercial "Pool."



"So you're the kind of horse they can take to the water but can't make drink, huh?"

IT'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL



But they're certainly getting their heads down to it. Did you ever see a job tackled with such seriousness?

**Got
a
run ?**



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF



Who wouldn't be a run in Lana Turner's stocking, anyway? About the only ladder most guys would want to climb.